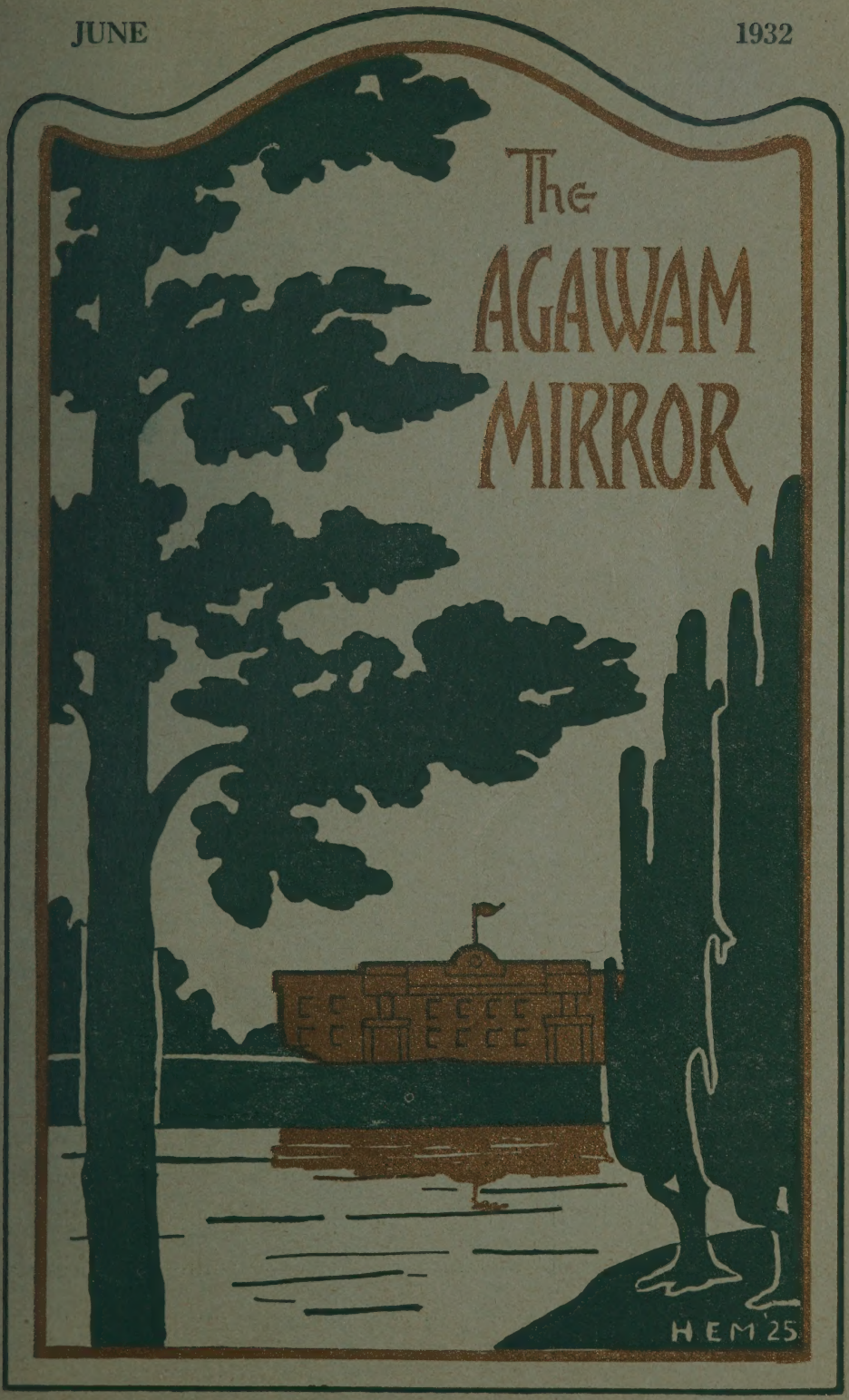
JUNE 1932



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Among The Yellow Pines

By VIRGINIA BRINTON

As the lengthening, waning afternoon shadows were creeping through the woods and the last rays of the setting sun were sending golden bars through the branches of the yellow pines, a horse and rider swiftly wound their way along the narrow path through the timber-land. They reached the clearing and climbed a small knoll. The rider—a slim girl in overalls—brought her horse to a stop and turned to gaze on the forest. The tall stately pines, like colossal columns, were silhouetted dark and dim against the southern sky.

Bonnie Dawson loved that wild and lonely wilderness; through the years of her childhood it had been her joy, and now, in this time of sorrow it was her strength. After the sun was lost from sight, she sat meditatively gazing into space, her shoulders drooping slightly. The strain of running the turpentine side-camp since her father's death had gradually caused the gallant little figure to lose some of its erectness. Although she still retained her buoyant manner when with the others, when alone her face was acquiring a doleful expression.

Rousing herself from the pleasant reminiscences of life with her gentle father who had been her beloved companion, she prodded Jet with her knees. He turned and they entered the stretch of sparse growing pines which surrounded the camp.

Drawing near to the tiny settlement, Bonnie reflected that in spite of the rough, unpainted and weather-beaten shacks, the place was really picturesque. It was due to the love which her pretty, diminuitive mother had held for the bright and beautiful, that every convenient spot was covered with flowers or foliage. It was from her tender care that the first vines of the wisteria and flame-vine had managed to secure rooting and grow from the dry, sandy soil. What a pity, the lovely, little woman had not lived to grace the homestead and enjoy the picture it now presented! The small gray cabin was covered on one side with blossoms of pale lavender which blending in with the deep purple of the bouganvillea met, on the roof top, the sun-rise colorings of the flame-vine that in bright profusion completely obliterated the grim boards on the other wall. Nearly every one of the negro shanties, scattered near, had beside it a well cared-for vegetable garden and around the crude porches and under the trees, some of which were entrwined with yellow jasmine, were clusters of ferns.

Upon reaching the trough, Bonnie dismounted and with agile fingers she loosened the bridle as Jet snorted and bent his fine head. After loosening the faucet that sent the brown water splashing from the wooden pipe, she started in the direction of the cooper-house to see how the making of the rosin barrels was progressing. But catching sight of Dave Alden, the new Yankee woodsman, she stopped and waited as his horse trotted near. She must be a little more courteous to him, she decided, and inquire if he had learned much about his new job, although she still thought him unusually green about the turpentine business and the managing of negroes.

"Good afternoon, Miss Dawson," greeted the object of her unflattering opinion, pleasantly.

"Howdy," Bonnie returned shortly, "I reckon you've not had an easy day by the looks of that sunburn."

"Oh, I love these woods already. The lure of the yellow pines to which you belong so

fittingly seems to hold me here," he replied as he reined his horse and with a lithe slipping action appeared to reach the ground in one long step.

This movement surprised Bonnie for it was one of a born horseman and she thought Dave had been brought up in a northern city. But not wishing to show any interest in him or his remarks, she refrained from asking him about his riding and continued her way to the house. As she neared the steps, Dave called, "Say, Miss Dawson, will you tell me where I can find a first aid kit?"

She turned and with a hint of sarcasm asked, "Is your sunburn as serious as all that?"

"Why-er no," he answered somewhat uncomfortably, "the hatchet slipped while I was blazing the trees this afternoon and cut my hand a little—but don't bother, it isn't much."

Bonnie feeling rather ashamed of what she had said, ran over to the main building and came out with the kit only to find that Dave was nowhere in sight. So she left the bandages and medicine with Mrs. Warren, the old woodsman's wife at whose quarters Dave had stayed since his arrival, a short time after her father's death.

The slow, plodding, little mules had hauled in the last loads of pine gum and the negroes had deposited it in the store shed near the still to await distillation on the following Monday. After the already drowsy animals had been hustled into the lot, the negroes lined up for their pay. Bonnie, knowing how reckless these ebony workers became on pay night, distributed the money somewhat nervously. White-haired Mr. Warren noticed this and divined the cause of her anxiety but said nothing.

The aroma of chicken and rice came temptingly as she approached the kitchen, so Bonnie quickened her step and was soon seated at the table for her delayed supper. Although her appetite was unimpaired by her weariness, her eyes which were fixed on the farther wall, were dreamy and troubled.

"What'sa matter, honey chile?" asked Mammy Flo, affectionately, "Ya'll better not bother dat pretty haid a yours about them niggers carousin' around here tonight for dey ain't gonna do any such thing."

Bonnie simply smiled and made no answer.

But Mammy Flo, as conversationaly inclined as ever, suggested, "You ought to get somebody to run this here camp, anyway. Now, take dat nice Yankee fella. He already know these woods and he sure am pow'ful strong—an' handsome," she added with a sly glance at her young mistress.

Bonnie was about to make a stringent reply when a noisy disturbance outside interrupted. Hastily rising, she reached the door as old Jason, Mammy Flo's husband, came on the porch panting heavily, although he had run but a short distance.

"What's wrong?" inquired Bonnie quickly.

"A couple boys started a row," replied Jason, "but Mr. Alden, he done gone down dere to stop 'em."

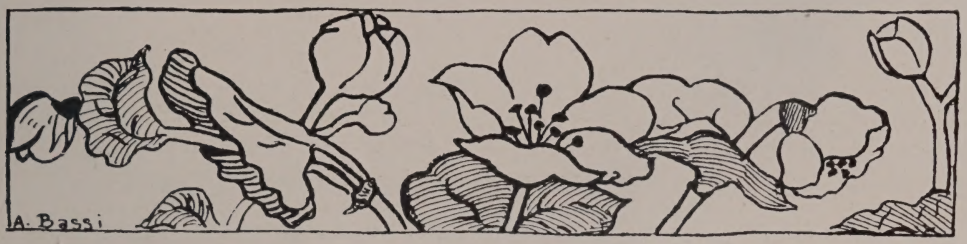
"Mr. Alden, Dave! Why, he can't quiet them!" Bonnie said with a trembling voice. She dashed toward the shanty at which a small group had gathered—and pushed her way into the doorway just in time to see the second large negro sent down in a heap on top of his companion. Dave had done it. Bonnie marveled how quickly and docily the rest of the offenders became subdued as Dave bent a gray look of authority in their direction, as an unuttered command.

With Bonnie regarding him, wide-eyed with astonishment, Dave came to her and said calmly, "Sorry you had to see this, Miss Dawson and that I had to use as much force on them as I did, but talking to them didn't have the needed effect."

It was a very changed young camp-owner who returned immediately to her cabin. Having forgotten her interrupted supper, she sat down on the door sill. A while later she saw Dave coming back to Mr. Warren's shack on the opposite side of the semi-circle. From that distance he waved and smiled reassuringly. A new light kindled in Bonnie's eyes.

Mammy Flo, unannoyed by the excitement, had not left her worn rocking-chair; but now it was time those who had gone to town were back, and she was eager to hear and discuss the news they would bring. She moved her huge bulk across the room and stumbled clumsily over Bonnie. After gushing forth an extensive apology, Mammy Flo demanded, "How come ya'll a sittin' there anyhow, not doin' nothin', ain't that kinda unusual-lak?"

(*Continued on page* 16)



Verse

WHITE LILACS

Know me never,
This I pray.
Walk and talk
With me, each day.
Share your sorrow
Share my joy,
While they always
Remain alloy.
Let me help you,
If I may.
Know me never—
This I pray.

Virginia McVeigh.

INTERLUDE

The moon rises
Catching the night,
Holding it balanced
On a grey silvery carpet.
Fireflies, gleaming oddly,
Are lost stars straying here.
The night holds its breath.
The lonely cock on the old hay barn
Must thank God, with me.

Virginia McVeigh.

MESSENGER

Impatient little fingers
At my window pane,
Tapping, tapping, tapping.
Gone, then back again
Beckoning, inviting me,
To the cool, caressing air.
Tonight, my work is yet undone.
But sometime I'll come there.

Vriginia McVeigh.

WHISPERING SPRING

A small breeze swept the tree-tops
And whispered words of Spring.
A tiny bare branch nodded,
But the old tree shook within.

But Mistress Spring insisted.
Her colors were not bright,
They blended, oh so nicely,
Pink, yellow, green, and white.

She waved a fading golden wand;
The birds told tales of Spring;
Pink buds tipped the tree-tops.
'Tis spring, youthful spring!

Eleanor Wright.

SPRING JOY

Dainty, soft, pink budlets
Make the world so gay,
One bright spark against the dark,
Springing flowers of May.

One tiny bud brings the sunshine,
Several make us smile,
Thousands drive away our heart-aches
Millions make us laugh awhile.

Every season has it's beauty,
Different we'll admit, won't you?
But the beauty of the Springtime,
Makes the others seem untrue.

Eleanor Wright.

His First Symphony

By JOSEPHINE FRAGOMENI

Having finished teaching the last pupil for the day, Mario sank slowly to the bench in front of the piano. His head bowed as his fingers unfurled the music sheet with the composition he had written.

The music which he composed with fondest dreams of being a great success, was a failure. His music, his dreams all vanished! Was he always to remain only a poor music teacher in the city of Milano?

"Mario! Mario! What is the matter? Why are you looking so sad?"

These words were uttered in a sweet, anxious voice by a fair young lady in a blue dress, with a beret crushed down over her fair curls as she entered the music room. It was Sondra, Mario's wife, who was sweet and good with the fair beauty of an angel, and whose life held all for Mario's success.

With a soft, gentle voice Sondra again asked, "What is it Mario that makes you look so sad?"

Lifting his head,Mario answered, "Sondra I am a failure, my music was not accepted."

"Oh, Mario don't say that, for I know some day you will succeed. In your music there is something missing, that did not strike the heart or reach the soul of the music lovers to make them feel the beauty in its melody. Maybe if you portray some picture with the feeling of your own heart, it might bring qualities to stir music lovers."

"Sondra, so you, too, had noticed that there was something missing in my music?" sighed Mario.

"Yes," whispered Sondra as tears started to fill her soft blue eyes. Then she gently lifted her arms on Mario's shoulders and said, "Don't get discouraged, for as sunshine follows the darkest storm, success will follow failure."

As Sondra lightly disappeared through the door, Mario with heavy heart stood up and crossed the room to the window. There he stood in silence, with his hands against the molding and staring into the clouded sky, when suddenly his eyes rested on the Cathedral with its great spire standing out as a silhouette against the darkening sky. It was the church of St. Mark where many years before Verdi's Requiem, the great composition he wrote in memory of Manzoni the great Italian author-patriot, was first performed.

Verdi, too, had said when composing the Requiem, "It is a heart felt impulse which prompts me to do honor as best I can to the Great One whom I so much admired as a writer and venerated as a man."

The Requiem like the other great compositions Verdi wrote still brought fame with their pantomimic melody. Yes, he too lived in the land that had given so much to music lovers through its great composers, but would his name ever be placed as a great composer?

Suddenly his dream was interrupted by a slow resonant toll which came from the monster bell that seemed so heavy and immovable in the tower of the Cathedral. The bell was ringing for the opening of the Holy Saturday Mission.

On the street, a slowly moving procession of people, the murmuring sisters and nuns with prayer beads in their hands hurried from the darkness of the courtyard into the Cathedral. The bell ceased its toll, the large Cathedral doors closed and all seemed left in loneliness with only a sound of the rain patters on the stones. The stillness was impressive to Mario. It brought a lonely feeling to his soul and a new thought of expressing his feelings in music. So hour after hour into the night Mario wrote in music the scenes as he felt and saw them.

Morning drew its veil aside and stepped out all radiant from the light of the golden sunbeams, as springtime flooded the earth with its bright multi-colored tapestries.

Again the Cathedral bell tolled, but with a light and gayer tone as processions of people all dressed in gay colored clothes passed to and fro to attend the Easter Morning Mass. The world seemed all lightened in loveliness by the glory of a bright Easter Morning. Even Mario's heart lightened with the new beauty and brought a change of movements to his music with the new scenes.

So on Mario wrote, changing scenes into music until he had a complete composition which he named *The First Symphony*.

At last, the night of the recital came when Mario was to play his new composition for the first time. It was a beautiful night in the latter part of June, when all the air seemed filled with a scent of fragrant perfume coming from the rose gardens around the conservatory of music where the recital was to be held. People of all walks of life assembled in the conservatory to hear the recital as Mario nervously sat at the piano waiting for the curtain to rise.

The lights dimmed! The curtain rose! Mario started to play and all noise ceased as the sweet melody filled the auditorium. Mario played the last note, and then the audience gave a great applause that made him play again. Then having played his composition three times, Mario made his final bow and retired back stage where Sondra met him.

"Oh, it was beautiful!" cried Sondra as she gently grasped Mario's hands.

"Yes, Sondra, and you were my inspiration," whispered Mario.

Then lifting her radiant face she responded, "Remember you wrote the composition on Easter and with all the glory of that morning, God gave life, love, loneliness, and a living soul to your music, which made all feel the beauty in its melody."

The great success of The First Symphony placed Mario on the road to fame and fortune as a composer.

PICKING TOBACCO IN SUMMER VACATION

During the months of June and July
We kids work under the hot, blue sky
Picking tobacco from row on row
For girls in the barn to quickly sew.

Under the long white, endless tents,
God knows just how many bents,
Are spread upon Nature's land,
As the kids pick on with ambitious hand.

Click, click, click, clack, click, clock
As off break the leaves from the parent stock
Hour, hour and hours this prolongs
As half clothed children snip on, and on.

Joseph Assad.

Note. Bents, the poles that hold up the white tents.

Seeds Of Time

By VERA ALVERGINI

There was an air of expectancy in the rest-room of Wayne High School as young, bright girls chattered nonsensically in high-pitched voices and fluttered nervously about. They were attired all in white which could mean only one thing—Graduation!

A door at one end of the room opened and Madge Stevens entered with her mother. "Mother," she was saying, "I think it will be all right for you to sit there until I come back."

Mrs. Stevens sat in a comfortable chair in a corner of the room and proceeded to entertain herself by watching the excited girls. She was dressed very simply in black with a touch of white about her neck. Her face showed a determination to make the best of life even though fate was not always kind.

As Mrs. Stevens listened to the chatter of the Seniors about her, memories of her own graduation drifted back to her. She began to turn back the pages of years of worrying, of hardships, and earlier pages of the suppressing of her greatest desire to become an actress.

Granville, the home of her youth, was a small, country town with a population large enough to have a high school. Alice Rainey, as Mrs. Stevens was then called, was one of the most attractive and popular girls in the town. She had dramatic talent (having taken part in many of the school productions) and was really interested in the art of acting. Her ability was soon recognized by her teachers who encouraged her to develop it. She dreaded to broach the idea to her parents because they were prejudiced against professional actors and actresses, but finally, one night she gathered enough courage to tell them.

It was about one week before graduation when Alice broke the news to her father and her mother. At first, they were astounded and would not believe that their daughter wanted to become an actress. But when Alice insisted that that was her chosen profession they believed her. Mr. Rainey stormed and raved, while Mrs. Rainey seconded everything he said by her sobs. Her father called her an "ungrateful child" and a "lunatic" to think of such a thing, but Alice refused to give in. Finally he told her that, if she insisted upon pursuing this particular line of work, she would be disinherited and he would never again recognize her as his daughter. Alice was heart-broken but did not say a word.

That week was a week of mental agony for Alice. The subject was never again discussed at home, but it was always in Alice's mind. She loved her parents dearly and also the career that she felt was waiting for her. What was she to do? Life was going on in the same channels about her, but she was at a crossroads. She did not know which way to turn—to go out into a strange, glittering world and follow her chosen work or to stay in Granville and fall into the same familiar, blind ruts her friends were in. After hours of deep concentration and quelling of her emotions, her strict upbringing and loyalty to her parents overcame her own desires and she decided to respect their wishes. It took a great deal of courage to give up a glamorous life on the stage, but Alice felt it was the only way to satisfy her conscience. So the night before graduation she told her parents of her decision and they, of course, were delighted. Alice restrained her emotions and smiling at their happiness resolved never to let them know the regret her decision had cost her.

She graduated from High School with a great many honors; and she was settling down to a quiet life in Granville. She visited, gave parties, and went to parties, but something always seemed to be missing. For a while she could think of nothing but her intended vocation, but gradually she began to forget and became interested in town affairs. After a few years of the monotonous routine a young man, Henry Stevens, came into her life and she married him.

(*Continued on page* 16)

A Modern Penseroso

By ERNEST SWANSON

This Penseroso does not enjoy the sweet music of the nightingale, or the peaceful silence in the wood. Instead, he is shut in a small, instrument littered room, bending over and peering into a narrow test tube from which rank odors rise. The electric light, close overhead, as if interested, casts grotesque shadows of the complicated apparatus on to the walls and into the deep corners of the room. Everything is still, deathly still, with only an occasional movement from our friend, absorbed in his task. Outside, the beautiful orange moon has already risen over the treetops and is sailing high among the shining stars, but Penseroso is still examining and experimenting with an unknown substance.

Now he moves, his features set in deep thought, to a little paper-strewn desk in one corner, at which he methodically records his observations; there he solves several lengthy mathematical problems. Nothing but the slow, broken scratching of the pen interrupts the cold silence of this closely veiled room.

The dawn approaches, beautifully garbed in red and gold, but is unnoticed by our laboring friend. Again, he is leaning over the grimy test tube—observing, seeking. No early morning walk through great groves of forest-grants, to some pleasant murmuring brook, for him. But only a few paces in the shadows to obtain a mysterious black powder which he cautiously adds to the substance in the small glass receptacle. Heavy, dark vapor slowly flows from its mouth. A shadow of a smile passes over his face. His sombre eyes light up for an instant. Yes, he has succeeded—succeeded in isolating one more of those precious elements for which he and his fellows have incessantly sought.

He again goes to his much used desk and writes busily. When the paper is completed, he folds it carefully, caressingly, and makes ready to leave his cell. Down a long dark corridor he drags his feet; and, upon emerging, he is dazzled by a bright beam of sunshine. Then through the pushing, buzzing, hurrying world he makes his way until he comes before a small cafeteria where he partakes of a slight meal. After finishing, he returns to his dark recess to continue to work, to think, to give up his life for the good of humanity.

Ernest Swanson.

A STORM AT SEA

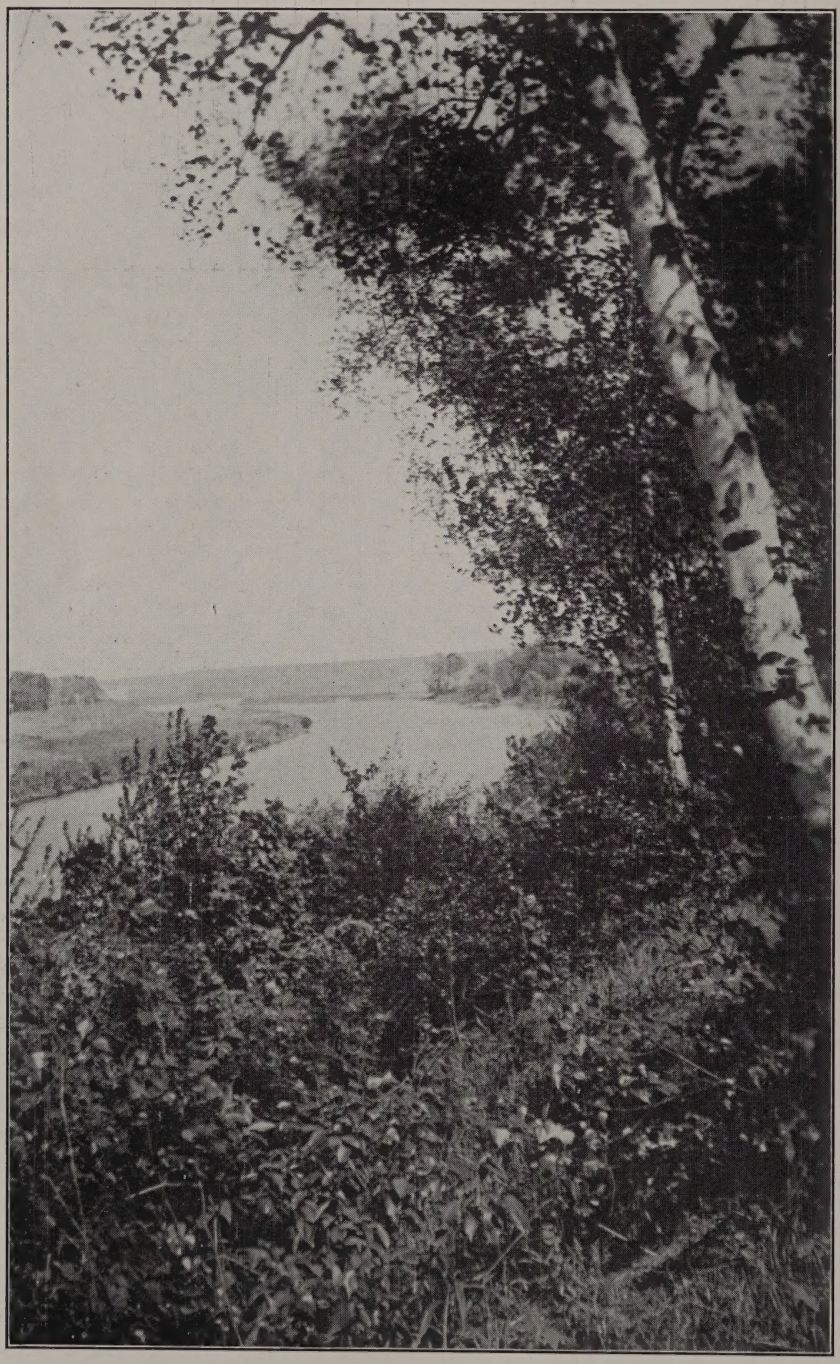
The sea is white tonight
For the wind blows free
And the sea gulls are out of sight
For the wind blows free.

Albert Utzinger.

AN ELECTRIC STORM

Lightning flashing, thunder crashing,
There it goes again
Rumble, bumble, crashing, flashing,
Now here comes the rain.

Leigh Catchepaugh '35.



The Double Bend

Photograped by, VIRGINIA BRINTON

Editorials

BEAUTIFYING THE RIVER BANK

Last year, in the June issue of *The Agawam Mirror*, we commented on the proposed beautification effort along the banks of the Agawam River. At the time, it was merely a good idea. Now it is a beautiful actuality. Under the sponsorship of the Agawam Women's Club and under the personal direction of Mrs. Worden, formerly Assistant-Superintendent of Schools the ugly eye sore by the bridge, right at the entrance to the town of Agawam, has been transformed by ardent labor to a spot of beauty. Where once we saw only dry, barren rocks, and discarded junk, we now see a cool, clear natural spring, rose bushes, shrubs and flowers. To a stranger just entering the town, the impression made by the remodeled bank, creates a feeling of admiration for Agawam.

The Women's Club could not have undertaken the work had it not been for the hearty co-operation that they have received from the citizens of Agawam. The selectmen have made it possible to give the labor to the unemployed, and have allowed them to use a town truck at all times. Generous townspeople and local nurseries have given shrubs, flowers and plants. From local nurserymen and florists, also, has come much valuable advice on the planting and care of the shrubs and plants.

The whole-hearted interest with which this undertaking has been met proves its value. Those who have aided in any way, have not only been generous but they have also shown themselves to be good citizens of this town. We hope that this project wins recognition in the Springfield Union's Highway Beautification Contest. However, if it doesn't, it will always be significant of the interest and pride the people of Agawam have in their town.

Here in the school let us, too, adopt this "pride in surroundings" spirit.

FOOLISH REBELLION

Day after day, week after week, and even year after year, some people go on doing the same things until their tasks become routine; everything is done by force of habit. The monotony of it all brings despair. After a time, they notice not whether they progress or "stand-still." Fortunately, however, people are not like the planets and stars which must travel eternally in the same path. There are times when people must change their courses; they can no longer travel in the same orbits.

Such a change is fortunate because it forces a backward look upon what has been accomplished and a forward look to what is ahead. It is an opportunity to see and amend old mistakes.

Such circumstances now surround the members of the Senior class. For some six years, the Seniors have come daily to Agawam High School. At first, it was a novelty, but it has long since, for most, developed into a period of drudging routine. It has become a monotonous procession of French, English, Latin, Science, and Mathematics. Now the Seniors are confronted with the fact that they must leave Agawam High School and all that it means: the procession of studies, the rules and regulations, and the teachers who gave them homework and made them stay after school when they didn't do as directed. These are the conditions they once rebelled against; and, at first thought, they are the restrictions they want to leave behind, want to forget.

Yet, do they want to leave these conditions behind? No. Their steps as they leave the building in June, to return only as alumni will be reluctant. As they realize that they are stepping out into an absolutely new life, they will question their ability to succeed. Yet, they may well reason that they are supposed to be prepared. When they studied

(*Continued on page* 20)

Mirrored Events

HIGH RECORDS IN TYPING AND SHORTHAND BETTERED

The long desired Bay Path Shield has at last come to Agawam. But that is not all! The large beautiful Pickett Cup has once again returned to be placed amongst the other awards, for the fourth time. Just one more year and then it will be Agawam's! In addition to the above awards two other attractive team cups for shorthand and typing have been added to Agawam's collection of awards.

The Connecticut Valley Typewriting and Shorthand Contest was held on May 13, at Greenfield. The Pickett cup which was donated to the Connecticut Valley Commercial Teachers' Association to promote interest, accuracy, and speed in typing, was for the second time won by Norma Broggi, who this year wrote 90 words per minute, for fifteen minutes. Although Rose Conte and Josephine Luccardi did not receive prizes, they averaged high enough, together with Norma's excellent record, to give Agawam the team cup in typing. This cup has been won in previous years by Marion Blair who wrote 63 words per minute, Caroline Cascella 65 words per minute, and Norma Broggi 83 words per minute.

Bernice Merrill deserves much credit, being the first student at Agawam ever to bring home the Bay Path Trophy, which is awarded to the student who taking shorthand dictation at the rate of 80 words a minute has the least number of errors. This shield must be won four more times before it becomes Agawam's permanent property. Brattleboro, so far, leads having won the shield two times. Who is going to win it for Agawam in the future?

Together with Bernice's high record, Irene Montagna's and Rose Conte's results averaged high enough to give Agawam the shorthand team cup also.

There is a rumor that Agawam's award cabinet will have to be made larger.

ORCHESTRA CONTEST

On the morning of May 21st, the members of the Agawam High School Orchestra left by automobiles for Norwood, Massachusetts to attend the Third Annual Massachusetts Orchestra and Band Contest Festival. The trip was started at the most delightful time of the morning—just as the sun's golden rays were peeping over the mountains. The Band Contests were over when we arrived but we were in time to listen to a few of the competing orchestras, which played surprisingly well.

Before long, it was our time to be on deck, and soon afterward, seated comfortably, we waited for the command to start. Our orchestra played the two required numbers for Class C, "Chanson Triste" and "Gavotte in G".

After the morning contests, Norwood High furnished an excellent luncheon in the cafeteria. For some, the most thrilling part of the day came from watching the stately bands in their militaristic uniforms in parade. A massed Band Concert under the direction of the well-known composer, E. Franco Goldman, made up the afternoon program. Later, the winners were announced. Although Agawam didn't win a prize, we were not sorely disappointed considering the superiority of three orchestras in Class C: Quincy, Pepperell, and Bourne High Schools.

C. W. M.

DRESS MAKING CONTEST

The fifth annual Dressmaking Contest, directed by the Springfield Junior Achievement Foundation and the Springfield Union, for all girls of Springfield and vicinity from 9-20 years of age, was held at the Springfield Municipal Auditorium, May 6.

Five girls out of the twelve who entered from Agawam received prizes, which consist of beautiful dress lengths. The lucky girls, Hazel Wentworth, Alice DiDonato,

Agnes St. Germain, Rose Zerra, and Ruth Brown, with all other prize winners, participated in the Style Show, which followed the exhibition and the awarding of prizes.

The judges were two Home Economics teachers of Springfield, and two buyers from Springfield stores.

EDNA RUST WINS HONORABLE MENTION AT POETRY CONTEST

The Annual Poetry Contest for members of High Schools, sponsored by the Springfield Poetry Society, was held in the early part of May at the Public Library in Springfield. There were entrants from many High Schools in this section of the country. Westfield went away with the first three prizes, while Edna Rust of Agawam won honorable mention with her poem, "Geese in Northward Flight" This poem appeared in the April number of *The Agawam Mirror.*

AT NORTHAMPTON

Nineteen students from Agawam went May 11, to the Northampton Commercial College to try to win pins which were to be awarded to any pupil who could type for fifteen minutes with not less than forty words a minute and not over five errors. Eleven students received pins. The results were as follows: Norma Broggi 89 words, Ida Ricci 68, Rose Conte 67, Vera Alvergini 63, Valentina Agnoli 55, Magdalene Mencarelli 52, Adele Swanson 51, Jennie Lango 47, Lydia Pisano 45, Alice Scherpa 44, and Catherine Moccio 42.

We were told that Agawam had made the best record of any of the schools that had previously taken the test.

THE FRENCH CLUB

Le Cercle Francais has held monthly meetings this year. Edson Ferrell is the President and Dorothy Geoffrion is the Secretary-Treasurer. At different meetings the club members have studied about the French provinces, about the French government, and about school life in France.

In December, a Christmas program was held in the Library.

In June, a hike will be taken. The election of officers will complete the year's program.

FULL YEAR COURSE IN BUSINESS TRAINING TO BE OFFERED

In September 1932 a full year course in Junior Business Training will be offered. This course has five important objectives:

1. To serve as an orientation course for many pupils who are undecided whether to enter industry or business, or whether to prepare for a professional career.
2. To prepare boys and girls for every day life.
3. To provide training in service, courtesy, business etiquette, and thoroughness.
4. To furnish a background for further business courses offered in the Senior High School.
5. To give a review of the fundamental processes of Arithmetic and to furnish the pupil with a working knowledge of business mathematics.

This year this course has been covered in one semester.

OPEN MEETING OF THE AERONAUTICAL CLUB

The Agawam Aeronautical Club held an open meeting, April 25th, in Mr. Hadley's the faculty advisor's, room. The meeting was for the purpose of acquainting the Sophomore, Junior, and Senior classes with the activities of the club. The club seeks to further interest at Agawam, in Aeronautics, in the hope that sometime there will be a course offered on that subject. An interesting program consisted of two talks. Don Kenney explained the history and operation of the aerial compass; Richard Shields explained the construction and operation of the different instruments on the dash board of a plane.

PRO MERITO MEETING AT HATFIELD

On May 21st, the Annual Spring Conference of the Pro Merito Chapters of Western Massachusetts was held at Smith Academy in Hatfield. Agawam was represented by Miss Eleanor Smith and Miss Marjorie Ward of the Faculty, and by Creighton Abrams, Earnest Swanson, Kenneth Blanchard, Norma Broggi, and Vera Alvergini of the Senior Class.

During the luncheon Dr. Gadsby, one of the founders of the organization, gave a short but interesting speech.

INTERESTING ASSEMBLIES

The assembly of April 22nd, was under the auspices of the Agawam Aeronautical Club. They presented three reels of movies furnished by courtesy of the United States Naval Recruiting Station in Springfield.

On April 29th, an old friend of Agawam High visited us once more. Mr. Talbert, of the Massachusetts Audubon Society, gave us another very interesting talk on birds, accompanied by sterioptican pictures. The talk was enjoyed, and we hope that Mr. Talbert will come again.

On May 12th, Ludwig Crissler of Ryder College gave a humorous but instructive talk on "Why stay in High School." He taught us a new way of spelling the old word HEAD:

Honesty
Efficiency
Ambition
Diligence.

On May 19th, a Washington Bicentenial program was put on under the direction of Miss Crowley who was assisted by teachers and students of both the Elementary and High Schools. It consisted of Beautiful Tableaux illustrating scenes from Washington's life. The High School Orchestra under the direction of Miss Perry supplied an excellent musical program. This program was again put on that evening at a Parent-Teachers meeting held in the auditorium.

On May 24th, we had four reels of movies on the Life of George Washington, from the University Extension in Boston. It proved to be a connecting link for the various stories about his life read in history and in literature.

At our Memorial Day assembly of May 27th, Thomas Shea of Springfield gave us an account of his experiences during the Great War. He is a member of the 104th Infantry, the first American division to be decorated in France. He was wounded and taken to a German prison camp just before the Chateau-Thierry drive. He gave us a vivid description of the Prison Camp and life there.

His talk impressed upon us that we must not forget our soldier dead, and that we are in as great a crisis as they were then. It is up to us to help by doing a little straight thinking.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES

The Commencement Exercises were held in the Auditorium the evening of June 17th. Mr. Williams presented the graduating class to C. F. Granger of the school committee and Benjamin F. Phelps, superintendent of schools, for the receiving of diplomas and other awards. Dr. Frank W. Wright, the state deputy commissioner of education, gave the commencement address. The High School Orchestra under the direction of Miss Perry furnished the music.

The Class Day exercises were held June 15th.

(*Continued from page* 6)

Bonnie looked down at the cracks in the floor and as the color in her cheeks deepened, "I've been thinking that I'm not so good as a camp boss and I may reconsider the suggestion you made, Flo. After all, er-Mr. Alden isn't such a bad sort."

"Well, ah swanee! You shoo am a funny chile, but I'm plenty glaid you done come to your senses!"

(*Continued from page* 10)

They had but one child, Madge, and she now——

"Mother, are you ready?" Madge was saying, "It's almost time for us to begin."

Mrs. Stevens shook her head as if to dispel the confused thoughts crowding about her and replied, "Yes, dear, I have just been back to my own youth and graduation. Madge, I had such beautiful dreams, then; none of them ever came true, but I found a great deal of happiness in them. I've also found a great deal of happiness not only in dreams but in the realities of life, especially in you, Madge."

"You've always dreamed, Mother, haven't you? But now your dreams are all for me, I know," replied Madge, slipping her arm about her mother's waist as they left the room.

Comments On The Writings Of Our Contemporaries

We are wondering if the depression has hit poetry. We feel that there has been a decided drop in the quality of poetry in our exchanges since the first of the year. Much of the so called free verse appearing is nothing more than prose, and this makes us wonder how many schools have their prospective poets practice a restricted form of verse before attempting the more complex free verse.

In *The Westfield High School Herald* of Westfield, Mass., we do find some good verse. In the Spring literary edition we found a masterpiece in the tribute to their departed principal, Herbert W. Kittredge. John King, the writer must be a keen student of human nature.

"His work was hard, and his reward was small.
He loitered not, and wheresoe'er he trod,
No matter how disturbed, the friendly nod
With which he greeted us was loved by all."

Strong, also is Donald Wood's, "Life" in the same issue. "March Winds," "The Father of Our Country," "Traveling" and "Rain" also have an appeal. It may be of interest to our readers to know that Westfield High, in a recent poetry contest conducted by the Springfield Poetry Society swept everything before it.

We had much better luck in our hunt for short stories, for several magazines carried commendable work. We give first place to the *Beacon* of Fordham Prep New York City. "The Marksman", a story dealing with westward expansion, is perhaps, the best we have reviewed this year. The setting and characters are realistic, the plot well developed, and we followed the story with interest to the end.

We find that a few schools have a tendency to fill their magazines with many very short and uninteresting articles. If the number of articles were cut down, and those accepted made longer, we think it would add interest to their publications.

Grouping of poetry, in our opinion, is poor form. We think inserting a poem here and there breaks up the long sequence of prose. However, we are aware that there are dissenting voices.

The *Purple Quill* from Ball High School, Galveston, Texas, beyond a question of doubt runs the best feature articles. We especially liked "Galveston, Playground of the South" by Zita Puntch.

We wish to mention the *Helios* of Central High, Grand Rapids, Michigan, as being the best all around magazine among our exchanges.

We were greatly pleased with the number of cartoons in the *Early Trainer*, Essex County Training School, Lawrence, Massachusetts. These do a lot to liven up a magazine. But why do you not make up your humor page from happenings about the school?

Postscript: We have just received the May issue of the *Gleam* from John A. Johnson High School, St. Paul, Minnesota. We wish to comment on its striking cover design, and its unusual neatness of makeup.

Charles Ardizoni.

Junior High

THE 8-1 FLASH

"The 81 Flash" is a newspaper which is published once a month, under the supervision of Mrs. Phillips, teacher of English in the eighth grade. It is placed on the bulletin board in Room 4. It contains much original work, and shows much concentrated effort on the part of the pupils.

It contains a great many different items, which are classified as follows: Editorial, National News, Foreign News, Advertisements, Poems, Jokes, Social Gossip, Sports, and Cross Word Puzzle. These are put on separate pages in such arrangement that it is easy to locate the different items.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HIM?

Dicky was a beautiful canary bird swinging to and fro in the bright sunlight. The water on his bright yellow body shone like diamonds, for he had just taken his daily morning bath. His bright eyes twinkled and his throat began to swell as he opened his diminuitive mouth and burst forth into song. A tiny, narrow, silver band adorned his dainty right foot, and his little toe nails clung desperately to his high swing. A dark, greenish black band acted as a collar. Dicky truly was a gorgeous creature sitting daintily on his perch while he poured forth his harmonious melody.

Marion R.Schwarz1

YOUR DAD

He may be old, toil-worn and gray,
And he may not have made his way
To honor and world wide fame,
But he has gained an honest name.

He rules the world with toil-worn hand,
His work was done under God's command,
If he is old, ugly, and bent,
His youth was sacrified for your content.

That you may have food and home,
He gave all for you alone,
And if he hasn't gained your love and respect
Trouble on his face may reflect.

Truly, I think, you should be glad,
That this old man is your dad.

Rita Donais.

Athletics

By WALTER MOSLEY

Chicopee at Agawam---April 26

The Chicopee baseball team visited Agawam on April 26 and was defeated by a score of 6-3. This was the first game of the season and was won with the strong help of Tisdel who made two hits, one of them being a double bagger.

Agawam at Chicopee--May 2

The game played at Chicopee on May 2nd was not a success for Agawam. Embury the Chicopee pitcher proved to be too strong for our boys and he struck out twenty batters. The final score was Chicopee 3, Agawam 0.

Agawam at Stockbridge--May 5

The Agawam team won a hard fought game on May 5th when they played Stockbridge. With the help of Stanley Nacewicz's double they managed to take an 8-7 victory.

Ludlow at Agawam--May 12

On May 12th our boys were again defeated, this time by the Ludlow team. While Bator, the pitcher, held our boys to one run his teammates managed to cross the home plate six times making the final score Ludlow 6, Agawam 1.

Technical at Agawam--May 16

Technical visited Agawam on May 16th and met defeat by a score of 6-5. Tisdel's hit won the game but Provo and R. Nacewicz played very good ball, they each made three hits.

Agawam at Ludlow--May 19

Agawam was successful at Ludlow on May 19th when they defeated this club by a score of 6-3. Raymond pitched a very good game and Provo and Stanley Nacewicz did some fine work with the bat. They each made two hits.

West Springfield at Agawam--May 25

West Springfield came to Agawam on May 25th and was defeated by a score of 3 to 2. Provo broke up a trying pitcher's duel when he hit a home run in the last half of the ninth inning with the score standing 2-2. Both pitchers, Raymond for Agawam and Baker for West Side, pitched a very good game.

ATHLETIC FORECAST

Although there are many athletes graduating from Agawam High this year there will be some very good material left for next year's teams.

The football team will lose only one backfield player and the line, we believe, will be as strong as ever with Raymond, Parent, and Roberts still in their old positions and Augustino, Devecchi, Connor, Copson, Voislow, and others, all experienced players, fighting for the vacated positions. The most promising candidates for the backfield position are Grimaldi, Cascio, Brinker, and Johnson.

The basketball team will also lose some valuable material but, with the help of one of the best second teams in the valley, we are sure that Mr. Smith will have one of his usual fine teams in 1932-33.

(*Continued from page* 13)

English, French, and Mathematics, they were doing it for themselves and for no one else. When teachers gave them homework, it was given for their benefit. Yet, they even used to raise objections to lengthy assignments!

We wonder how many of the underclassmen consider the absurdity of rebelling against assignments of conscientious teachers, against rules that are made to help overcome tendencies that would bring failures later, if not corrected in school years.

A RIPPLING BROOK

The dainty little ripples of my pet brook spread out like folds of frosting on a birthday cake. They appear when I throw a tiny stone in, and ripple farther and farther until at last they fade slowly away. They dance along like small nymphs, bobbing a Highland Fling. At the bottom, are smooth, bright and shiny pebbles; dull, gray pebbles; and just ordinary, common, every-day pebbles. The lighter ones move along slowly with the ever-moving brook, while the heavier stones stay in their sandy beds, only moving with a storm or heavy current.

Cool green apple trees standing over the brook, give it a refreshing shadiness intertwined with streams of sunlight. These old apple trees often wear "a nest of robins in their hair" and make the little brook coo and smile to herself with the birds' sweet singing.

When the sultry summer heat overtakes me, I may sit on the bank dabbling my feet in the brook's cool waters, and look at the view on a nearby hillside. The pine trees on the hill wave their branches and the green carpet of fragrant grass at their feet blows gently in the breeze.

The little stream has indeed many pleasures and friends.

Shirley Hawkes.

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Alumni

Frank Consolati, a member of the class of '28 and one of the speediest forwards Agawam High School has had on its basketball teams, graduates from Notre Dame in June.

Alfred Gelsthorp was a member of the first graduating class of Agawam High School, the class of '24. He graduated from Amherst in '29, a member of Phi Beta Kappa. He then, took a year of graduate work at Princeton and was awarded a scholarship to be used in archaeological research. From a card written on board a steamer carrying him from Italy to Greece we quote the following:

"My archaeological travels now send me to Delos, the shrine of Apollo. I am just finishing six weeks of travel, having had one week in Eastern Italy and the rest in Greece. Last week I went to Crete. One's languages certainly come in handy in Greece."

Richard Wilson of the class of '31 under the guidance of Dr. E. M. Dowling is striving hard to become a veterinarian.

Phyllis Jones, a member of the class of '31 who entered Hartford Hospital in February on three months' probation, has been accepted.

Ethel Jenks of the same class who entered in training in Springfield finds her work exceedingly interesting.

Esther Schwartz, a graduate of the class of '28, is a teacher at Verna Meyer's kindergarten.

Helen Talmadge Jones '26 has recently moved into her new home on the River Road.

From the class of '25 we learn that Edward Knudson who is employed by the New England Telephone Co., has recently been transferred from Pittsfield to Boston.

Maybelle Kennedy is teaching history, algebra, and German in a private school in New Haven. Miss Kennedy is still studying and is now working for a Ph. D.

Paul Carroll, class of '25 graduated from Fordham Law School this June with Cum Laude. He won a prize for the highest marks for the senior year and also a prize for highest marks for the three years in all departments of the college.

Everett Kellogg is employed at Armour's in Springfield.

Bion Wheeler, class of '32, and now a student at Dartmouth College, was recently elected to the editorial board of the 1932 *Aegis*, the senior year book. Bion was on the staff of *The Agawam Mirror* for four years, and was Literary Editor in his senior year.

Paul Stevens, class of '27 now a student at Boston University Graduate School spent a few weeks with his parents. He returned to Boston University for summer sessions to complete work for his master's degree.

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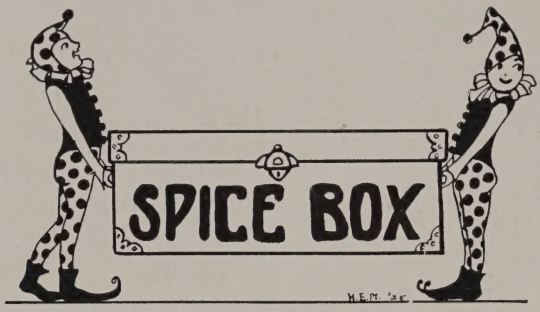

A Sad Story

Kenney: "Mr. Hadley, I forgot to take my bottle home last night."

Raymond: "Yes, he couldn't have any breakfast this morning."

Leakings from the Peace Conference

Mr. Hadley: "And how do they find the break in a trans-oceanic cable?"

T. Zerra: "Go out in a boat and watch for the bubbles."

Mistaken Identity

O'Connor in English Class: "What does 'finance' mean?"

Miss Phelan: "It has something to do with money matters."

O'Connor: "Oh, I thought that was what you called your girl-friend."

Privileged Visitors

Miss Phelan talking about the League of Nations in World History: "The members of the League of Nations sit on the floor. If a visitor, you may sit in the Gallery."

That's An Idea

Miss Phelan: "Define the word 'automobile.'."

J. Clark: "An automobile is a vehicle which uses vasoline."

Revenge

Teacher: "After the Tzar dissolved the Duma, what did the Duma do?"

O. Sullivan: "Dissolved the Tzar."

Exchange Jokes

Customer: "Can this fur coat be worn in the rain without hurting it?"

Salesman: "Now, lady, did you ever see a beaver carry an umbrella?"—*The Gleam.*

Mary: "Why do you call your boy friend 'maple sugar'?"

Jane: " 'Cause he's such a refined sap."

—*Balance Sheet.*

Patron: "Do you serve lobsters here?"

Waiter: "Oh, we serve anybody: Sit down, sir."—*Balance Sheet.*

Sam: "Here's some candy—'Sweets for the sweet.' "

Mary: "Thanks, and here are some nuts."

—*The Gleam.*

History Teacher: "Now, how many would be willing to purchase the New York *Times* on Sunday, in order to get their history topics?"

Class (in unison): "Are there any funnies in it?"—*Spotlight.*

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